

Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought *una voce* to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and John Cav,
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he saine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was fir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreemly,
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,

He neuer was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly,

The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,

By all coniectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That trick of State

Was a deepe enuious one,

1. At his returne,

No doubt he will requite it; this is noted:
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde employment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courttesie.

Enter *Buckingham* from his Arraignement, *Tipton* before
him, the *Axe* with the edge towards him, *Halberds* on each
side, accompanied with *Sir Thomas Louell*, *Sir Nicholas*
Vaux, *Sir Walter Sands*, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I haue this day receiue'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,
Euen as the *Axe* falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
Thas done vpon the premisses, but Iustice:
But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians;
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefs.

Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.

You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:

Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

Louell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue.
Commend mee to his Grace:

And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.

Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*,
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now scale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane forth,
My noble Father *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against *Vsurping Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Seruant *Banister*,
Being distressed; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.

Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:
A most vnaturall and faithlesse Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberrall of your loues and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it eals
I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1. Let me haue it:

I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;

You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then ere it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, posselt him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.

1. Tis the Cardinall;
And merely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopsricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke

You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and she must fall.

1. Tis wofull.

Wee are too open heere to argue this:

Let's thinke in priuate more. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnis'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinalls by Commission, and maine power tooke
em from me, with this reason: his master would bee seru'd be-

fore a Subject, if not before the King
Sir.

I feare he will indeede; 'twill
will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine

folke and S

Nor. Well met my Lord
Cham. Good day to both

Suff. How is the King imp

Cham. I left him priuate,

Full of sad thoughts and trou

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marri

Ha's crept too neere his Con

Suff. No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another

Nor. Tis so;

This is the Cardinals doing;

That blinde Priest, like the e

Turnes what he list. The Ki

Suff. Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe e

Nor. How holily he wor

And with what zeale? For n

Between vs & the Emperour

He diues into the Kings Sou

Dangers, doubts, wringing

Feares, and despaires, and all

And out of all these, to reitor

He counsels a Diuorce, a losse

That like a Jewell, ha's hung

About his necke, yet neuer l

Other that loues him with t

That Angels loue good men

That when the greatest stroa

Will blisse the King: and i

Cham. Heauen keep me fro

These newes are euey when

And euey true heart weepes

Looke into these affaires, se

The French Kings Sister. H

The Kings eyes, that so long

This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from m

Nor. We had need pray

And heartily, for our deliue

Or this imperious man will

From Princes into Pages:

Lie like one lump before h

Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,

I loue him not, nor feare him

As I am made without him.

If the King please: his Cur

Touch me alike: th'are brea

I knew him, and I know him

To him that made him pro

Nor. Let's in;

And with some other busin

From these sad thoughts, th

My Lord, youle beare vs c

Cham. Excuse me,

The King ha's sent me othe

You'l finde a most vnfit tim

Health to your Lordships.